



Any Fruit Needs Puffed Grains As Shortcake Needs Crust

Has anyone who reads this failed to try Puffed Wheat or Rice with fruit? If so, a surprise awaits you.

Fresh fruit, like sauce, is better with a crust.

That's the reason for tarts and pies and shortcakes—to mix a cereal crust with fruit.

With fresh fruit the way to do it is to mix Puffed Grains in the dish. Then you get the blend—a fragile, flaky, toasted crust that makes the fruit doubly-delightful.

Almond-Flavored Bubbles

Puffed Grains in the making get terrific heat. And that gives them a nut-like taste.

They are steam-exploded—puffed to eight times normal size. That makes them thin and crisp.

Never was a crust so flaky, so porous. And never one with such fascinating taste.

Puffed Wheat, ^{Except in Far West} 12c
Puffed Rice, 15c
Corn Puffs—Bubbles of Corn Hearts—15c

Modern housewives, more and more, are serving grain foods in this way. Puffed Grains are made by Prof. Anderson's process. Every food cell is exploded. The whole grains are fitted for easy, complete digestion.

Puffed Wheat is 100 per cent. of the wheat. White flour is but 40 per cent. In Puffed Wheat, with its blasted food cells, every atom feeds. So with Puffed Rice.

Make them more than breakfast dainties. Serve them in every bowl of milk. Let hungry children eat them dry like peanuts.

There is no other way to make wheat or rice into foods that compare with these.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

(1888)



mersed in the pages of a French novel he overlooked the conductor and all other men. Had the conductor been a lady, he was sure he would have noticed her. "You know that after the second chapter of a French novel it is always that way."

An Impassioned Plea to the Lehigh

ONE of the most impassioned letters that the Lehigh ever received in these premises follows. It was sent from a Pennsylvania town. At the top was printed, "EXCUSE POOR WRITING," ample evidence that the poor fellow was doing his best to atone for a sin whose heinousness had assumed untoward proportions through his brooding over it.

E. B. THOMAS,
President of the Lehigh Valley R. R.

Dear Sir:

As I Got right with the God, Our Heavenly Father, on the 5th day of December, 1915.

And since I am saved through the blood of our dear God and Saviour Jesus Christ, I have a Confession to Confess to you as president of the Lehigh Valley R. R. and the whole System of the Lehigh Valley R. R. As I wronged the whole System of the Lehigh Valley R. R.

I "Hoboed," many many miles over the Lehigh Valley railroad at different times at different points and Different divisions of the Lehigh Valley R. R. between Sayre, Pa., and Easton, Pa., yes many miles I can never be able to tell how many miles I did beat the Lehigh Valley R. R. out of car fare and I will never be able to pay the car fare which I beat the Company out of. Of course you may not have known it and the other officials might not have known it. But never the less I know it and above All God knows it.

Now to be right with the Lord we must Confess our Sins to our fellow men (our neighbors) and me and you and each and every human Being in this world are our neighbors or fellow men. Although I never met you as I know of never the less you are my fellow man and neighbor. We must owe no man anything. So as I can never pay back to the Lehigh Valley R. R. what I owe I must Confess where and when I wronged them and I must beg forgiveness as a Christian "saved" man.

I will say from the bottom of my heart and soul that I am sorry for all of my past transgressions against the L. V. R. R.

And again I beg your forgiveness also the entire System's forgiveness.

Hoping that you forgive me.

I am your truly saved friend
(Name and address)

P. S. If you care to write me a letter of forgiveness I shall be more than pleased to receive it.

To show the consideration which those in the president's office extended to this poor suffering wretch, let it be mentioned that this letter was sent out the next day, signed by the assistant secretary to the president:

Your letter without date, addressed to President Thomas, was received yesterday and contents carefully noted.

We are very glad indeed to receive communications written in the spirit which prompted your letter, and I am authorized to say to you that in so far as you may have trespassed against this Company in the past by illegal train riding, such transgression is fully and freely forgiven.

We wish you a peaceful and happy New Year.

It's a ten-to-one shot he had one—at least so until he backslid again.

So Much per "Naw"

THAT was a curious letter received at the Pennsylvania's headquarters in Philadelphia a year ago, and it is the most peculiar angle that the present writer ran across during his researches. It is that of satisfying a wailing conscience on the instalment plan.

Remors naws [wrote a man out in Ohio to a Pennsylvania agent in the Keystone State]. I ow yure ralerode \$1.85 and I am sending \$1. Wen she naws some more I'll send the rest.

She must have quit "nawing," for it is not of record that the road ever received the extra eighty-five cents.

A man walked into the office of a Pennsylvania division passenger agent and laid down two fares from New York to Pittsburgh. He explained that the money was due the road for the passage of himself and wife from the metropolis to the city of smoke and pits. He explained that they had boarded a train without

preliminary time in which to buy tickets and the conductor overlooked them. He would not state the day nor the train they took, because he said he had no desire "to get the conductor in wrong."

Score one for that fair-minded gentleman! In pursuing this investigation at the headquarters of the several systems the writer read hundreds of letters and reports, and *this is the only instance encountered* where a supplicant for railroad forgiveness, whether for himself or others, has shown any consideration for the busy conductor who made an essentially human mistake in overlooking a passenger.

In fact, the reverse is true. Consciously or unconsciously, as it may be, the correspondent does his best to get the conductor "in bad."

It is a fact that in most of the letters all the consideration contained is for the selfish sake of the writer. This is by no means true of the whole mass, but it is discouragingly true of many. Most of them pile in all the evidence at hand for the exclusive sake of their own souls; and herein, too, is a curious inconsistency. Their eyes have rested with hope and assurance upon the line in Holy Writ, "Repent, and be saved," but they have altogether skipped the eternal question, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

Thanked Them for the Trouble She Made

STANDING "where the brook and river meet," a little maid, living in the "lower tier" of New York State, attended revival meetings. Then she sat down and gravely took stock. A deep red offense glowed sullenly in her memory. And with adorable suddenness she took steps for atonement.

The following letter was received at headquarters in New York:

Inclosed please find forty cents in stamps. A few years ago I went to the Fair and was overlooked in the train going and coming back, so did not pay my fare either way. There have been revival meetings and the matter has bothered me very much. I at last made up my mind I would have it settled and send you the money for the car-fare as I got your address from the agent. Now please don't send it back, as I never want to see it again. Please don't say anything about this to the people at home, as it is very embarrassing for me as it is.

Thanking you very much for the trouble I have made, I remain,

Very sincerely yours,

One of the "nicest" letters ever sent out from Erie headquarters was mailed in response to this letter. But it was sent in care of the agent at the little girl's home; the officers of the road respected her desire that they "say nothing to the people at home."

A Study in Hysterics

A PECULIAR sample of chirographical hysterics was received by the Erie, but in it the writer proved his ability to think of others besides himself. Near the close he thought of the poor old Erie. Listen:

In accord with the Holy Spirit I now write the Erie. The Lord has saved and sanctified my soul and so I am able and willing to make restitution to your Company.

About fifteen years ago I was called to N. Y., and as my means was limited I jumped a freight at — and rode to — a distance of twelve miles. Of course this matter is small, but I want to clear my conscience. I enclose 4n stamps 35 cents, the regular fare as I remember it.

In writing this kindly ask you to have the peace that the world knows not of? Are you ready to meet the Savior of the world who is about to return?

The question must have set the poor old Erie thinking.

Summing up, the "conscience files" are not to be approached in the spirit of unthinking levity. Rather, there is pathos in the attempt of humility and ignorance to express its plea. And the varied contents of the files form the babel fusing in the great human wailing voice, the supplication of the struggling, hoping, despairing race groping through the shadows for the promised Grail.